

Shoal Creek

By Klegg, Freely & Crofutt CO.

Town Newspaper

Number 73



Shoal Creek - Clay County Missouri - December, 1865 - 1889 Special Christmas Edition

The town newspaper of Shoal Creek of Clay County Missouri & published each week on the morning of Thursday by Josiah Klegg, Isaac P. Freely, & James Crofutt

For a single issue no obligation 5 cents and payment due at that time. For a single volume one year, or 52 numbers, \$2 if paid in advance, \$2.50 if paid in six months; or \$3 if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year. All subscriptions due and must be paid at the end of the volume, if not sooner. No variation will be made from the above terms.

Single Copy, Per Year \$2.00
Club Rates, (ten copies) \$1.50

Job work of all kinds neatly and promptly executed. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Local and Special Notices, Legal Advertisements and Sheriff Sales must be paid for before publication is made. From this rule there will be no deviation in any case.

Shoal Creek Blacksmith

I will continue to serve Shoal Creek & the other parts of Clay County with my Blacksmithing business in all its departments. I am located in the town of Shoal Creek just a few miles west of Liberty. I will be pleased to see all who want good work done. Particular attention given to horse shoeing, and claiming to have no superior in that department, I will guarantee satisfaction. I will also cure all diseases of the hoof. I intend to keep a superior Carriage smith for the public accommodation.

April 29, 1856 - 6m5 Michael McLaughlin - Blacksmith

Shoal Creek Mercantile

Come! Stop by & see us. Providing Supplies & Keepsakes for town Citizens & Visitors alike. Something to be found for everyone.

HORATIO F. SIMRALL JAMES M. SANDUSKY

**SIMRALL & SANDUSKY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MO.**

Office on West side of Public Square.
Having perfected an accurate set of ABSTRACTS OF TITLES to all Clay County Lands offer superior facilities in CONVEYANCING and INVESTIGATING TITLES.
July 4, 1873.-8t.

**W. G. MOSELEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
HARLEM, MO.**
March 12, 1880.-4t.

**SAMUEL HARDWICKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, CLAY CO., MO.**
OFFICE on the West side of Public Square over Commercial Bank.
Sept. 28, 1873.-20y1.

**HENRY SMITH,
Attorney at Law,
KANSAS CITY, MO.**
OFFICE, No. 9 Orr's Building, 5th street, between Main and Delaware.
October 8, 1877.-1y.

**D. C. ALLEN,
Attorney at Law,**
Will give his exclusive attention to the practice of his profession.
Feb. 4, 1878-3t.

W. L. WATKINS.

JOHN H. WATKINS.

WATKINS' MILLS.

Lawson Station, in the Northeast corner of Clay County, and near hand a full line of our celebrated make of WOOLEN GOODS, such as CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, YARNS, JEANS, &c.

Which we offer at greatly reduced prices, and WARRANT every yard we sell to be as represented.

We give SPECIAL ATTENTION to custom work, such as Spinning, Coloring, Fulling, Finishing.

&c. Persons from a distance need make but one trip to have their Wool cards into rolls. We keep the best quality of FLOUR and MEAL constantly on hand. Best Patronage solicited, Ray Co. Mo.

June 1, 1878-3t.

W. L. WATKINS & SON.

GRIST MILL MACHINERY.

is of the best quality, and managed by a first-class Miller. We grind every day in the week.

The best quality of FLOUR and MEAL constantly on hand. Best Patronage solicited, Ray Co. Mo.

June 1, 1878-3t.

Santa Claus is Coming with Christmas Presents!

He will make his Head-Quarters on the South West corner of the square, where you can find the greatest variety of Toys ever brought to Liberty. His first installment will reach here about the first of December, and every few days after, until the 24th, when he will visit in person the many anxious little folks and fill their stockings to overflowing. Remember the place.

PIERSON'S
Bakery and Variety Store, South West Corner of the public square, Liberty, Mo.-27t.



HERE'S OUR SPEECH ABOUT HOLIDAY GOODS!

And as it is our last Message for 1888, you will do well to read it--every word of it.

In this practical age there is no kind of sense that will match old-fashioned Common-sense.

Every year the American people spend untold thousands of dollars in buying beautiful Christmas presents. But to a great extent the articles purchased are purely ornamental, having little, if any, practical value.

Now, the question is, can not utility be combined with elegance, use with beauty, so that we may add something to the comfort, as well as pleasing the taste of the recipient of our gifts? Think about it!

In Presents for Wife or Daughter or Sister or Best Girl, we can give you choice in a Large Selection of Fine Imported Dress Goods--the very Latest Styles and Shade: at Prices that are sure to please. A beautiful line of Embroidered Handkerchiefs in Cambric, Swiss, Linen and Silk. A Large variety of Fine Goods in Gloves, Neckwear, Purses, Hand-Bags, Beautiful Tidies, Table Scarfs, Table Covers, Napkins, Table Cutlery of all kinds, and all kinds of Fine Queenware and Fine Lamps, and as the sale bills say, an endless variety of other

articles too numerous to mention.

The Men and the Boys have not been forgotten! First: --What's the matter with a Suit of Clothes or an Overcoat? Or if that's too rich, come and look at our stock of Fine Fur and Silk Plush Caps, and all other kinds of headwear. Our Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers; our fine Neckties; our Pocket Cutlery; our big stock of Gloves; our Pocket Books and Purse. Surely such goods as these belong to a class that must command themselves to all; and if you desire to make your gifts still more practical, look at our large Stock of Blankets; Underwear for Men, Women and Children; Piece goods for Men's wear; and all kinds of Fine and Heavy Foot Wear.

Our stock of Novelties and Fancy Goods is exceptionally fine.

We wish especially to call attention to our Elegant stock of Fine Glassware in Pitchers, Water Sets, Tea Sets, Etc. Etc.

Now don't fail to think about our proposition.

We believe we are talking sense, and we extend and old-time invitation to Everybody to come and see us.

Don't stand on the order of coming, but come.

With Good Will to All and Malice to None, we tender the Compliments of the Season, wishing You All A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Such Holiday Goods were never before in Oregon. No one should fail to call and see them. You will be sure to find just what you want. This is not only on paper, but we have the goods. Below is a partial list of the many articles we have that will make suitable presents:

PLUS GOOD:

Manicure Sets,
Toilet Cases,
Photograph Albums,
Autograph Albums,
Work Boxes,
Portfolios,
Music Holders,
Card Cases,
Hand Bags,
Pocket Books,
Boxes of Writing Paper,
Whisk Broom Holders,
Handkerchief Sets,
Glove Sets,
CLOAKS!
Ladies' Cloaks,
Misses' Cicaks,
Children's Cloaks.
A Silk Dress is appropriate for a
holiday girl--we have them.

HANDKERCHIEFS & MUFFLER

Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs,
Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs,
Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs,
Art Handkerchiefs,
Hand Embroidered Handkerchiefs,
Japanese Handkerchiefs,
Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs,
Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs,
Gents' Fancy Mufflers,
Gents' Silk Mufflers,
Ladies' Fancy Mufflers,
Ladies' Silk Mufflers.

FURS.

Sai Skin Muffs,
Coney Muffs,
Astrachan Muffs,
Plush Muff.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Cologne Castors,
Scrap Books,
Fancy Dolts,
Towel Racks,
Thermometers,
Paper Racks,
Writing Desks,
Boxes Writing Paper,
Fancy Oxidized Pitchers,
Ornamental Cologne Bottles,
A Complete Line of Vases,
Night Lamps filled with perfume,
Linen Tidies, Splashes, Side-Board
Covers, Doyles, Table Scarfs, Etc.
Stamped, Fancy Canvass, Plush-
es, Cruels, Arasenes, Fil-
lasse, Chenille, Embroidery Silks, Sat-
in and Moire
Silks for
Fancy Work

Christmas and New Year Cards.

We have Cards for 5 Cents.
We have Cards for 10 Cents.
We have Cards for 25 Cents.
We have Cards for 50 Cents.
We have Cards for \$1.00.
We have Cards for \$3.00.
Come and see them.

A NEW LINE OF
FELT FOOT WEAR
For Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children. We have exclusive sale of these goods. Ask to see them. A General Line of
Dry Goods, Nations, Boots and
Shoes, Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

ONE PRICE CASH STORE. JESSE FITTS, PROPRIETOR, OREGON, MO.

N. B.--For every \$1.00 worth of Goods or more purchased of us between now and January 1st, 1889, we will present each purchaser with a ticket, which will entitle them to a chance in our Drawing for \$20.00 in Gold, which takes place January 1st, 1889.

"The Old Reliable"

HANNIBAL & ST. JOSEPH R. R.

THE PIONEER ROUTE
BETWEEN

THE MISSOURI
AND
MISSISSIPPI RIVERS,

in spite of Opposition is

STILL THE FAVORITE

With the traveling public who appreciate the many advantages it affords for the comfort and pleasure of its patrons.

Smooth Steel Rail Track,

ELEGANT DAY COACHES,

RECLINING SEAT COACHES

AND

PULLMAN SLEEPERS.

THE ONLY LINE

Running Through Day Coaches, Reclining Seat Cars and Pullman Sleepers to

CHICAGO, Day Coaches a Pullman Sleepers to

TOLEDO, Through Day Coaches to

INDIANAPOLIS. And is Proverbially

ALWAYS ON TIME. The public don't forget this and always take

"The Old Reliable."

JOHN B. CARSON, Gen'l Manager.

May 21, 1880. F. E. MORSE, Gen'l Pass. Agent.



WE FOUND PART OF SANTA'S NICE AND NAUGHTY LIST FOR SHOAL CREEK MO.

Santa's Naughty List

- Jesse & Frank James
- Bad Betty & her gang
- Shady Sam
- Marshal Joe Roe (Buying an election)
- That Hughes boy
- Aunt Betty

Santa's Nice List

- Chris Stockton
- Deena Roe
- Reverend Darrel & Julien Younger
- James & Diana Crofutt
- Lester & Debra Williamson
- Graham
- Randy George
- Rebecca Jackson

ST. NICHOLAS TO VISIT SHOAL CREEK THIS COMING SATURDAY. – Better known as Santa Claus we have received notification that he is to visit the town of Shoal Creek this coming Saturday December 7th and possibly bringing his wife to assist him in his labors. It is recognized that he is taking time out of his very busy schedule to spend a few hours with the good children of Shoal Creek in Clay County and all other visitors who come & we are so very grateful for such a visit from ole St. Nick himself! Our little town has received such a high honor to be selected out of all the towns of Clay County and we anticipate his visit with great joy and excitement. A crowded town is sure to welcome him. He is to be received at the Thornton Mansion and will receive visitors and take Christmas letters throughout the day. Be sure to make your way to town and see Santa Claus and while you're here also stop by the Mercantile and stock up on some gifts for Christmas or the Crossroads Inn and warm yourself with the news or a cup of Coffee and take a load off. So much other stuff to do in Shoal Creek today just have a look around and see all the good townsfolk preparing for the coming Christmas holiday.

A Christmas Poem.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—

When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whipped and he shouted and he called them by name:

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen;

On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder! on Blixen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!

Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As the leaves before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top, the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too;

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,

So I drew in my head and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot,

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes, how they twinkled, his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly;

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head.

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

SANTA CLAUS.

How dearly do the children, and how ardently do the old folks love old Santa Claus! Even the toy-stores of Liberty love the gentleman almost to adoration, because he is such a source of profit to them. To the young ones he is a most special favorite. He, with the gifts with which he is laden, comes down the chimneys and puts into the stockings hanging up the prizes that every little one's conduct merits, and we hope to see that every young reader of the Tribune will have a goodly share of Santa Claus' gifts.

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS.

"Christmas comes but once a year."

This is a glorious, hearty old proverb, full of generosity and permission to go to full length in enjoyment. If the children scream more loudly than usual—if the boys and girls dance and frolic more wildly—if Jack takes an extra glass, or paterfamilias purchases a present which is a little too extravagant—never mind, pardon it for once—"Christmas comes but once a year." Forget and forgive, good folks, and we will forget and forgive in turn:

"So tap the wine and draw the beer;
Christmas comes but once a year."

"Christmas is talked of so long that it comes at last." This is an old Norman-French proverb: *On a tant cric Noel que enfin il est renu.* It is another cheerful proverb, full of the spirit of the season, meaning that, whatever trouble or darkness may intervene, light and joy will come at last. It is the same as, "It's a long lane that has no turning," or "A fast day is the eve of a feast day." Perhaps it may have the suspicion of an old superstition, that if we only hammer and weary away at anything long enough we bring it to pass.

"Talk of it ere Summer's past,
Christmas is sure to come at last."

"After Christmas comes Lent." This is German. *Nach Weihnachten kommt Fasten.* This is a warning and solemn proverb, something like "It is dark under the lamp." However, as the Danes say: *Amboldt er ikke red for en god Forhammer;* the anvil does not fear a good sledgehammer, and he who has had a glorious feast-tide finds as much rational pleasure in a season of sobriety and quieter joys—

"The bow cannot always be bent;
Pass Christmas comes the sober Lent."

Kissing Under the Mistletoe.

Christmas festivities always revive the memory of the quaint old English custom, and song of "Kissing under the mistletoe bough." The reverence for this plant dates back to the days of the Druids, who gathered it in large quantities at the winter solstice for religious purposes. From its prominence in these ancient ceremonies it became a holiday ornament among the Germans and English, who, knowing the efficacy of its medicinal qualities, established a pretty belief that to kiss under its leaves promised happiness and long life. The early custom in the Netherlands suspended a bough over the door, and as the invited guests entered the door they were greeted by the host and hostess with a kiss. Prince's feather is so improperly called. Not until within forty years was it found among the Christmas decorations. Belonging to the botanical species known as *amaranthus catus*, its downy growth is anything but beautiful. The wild species that abounds in the Atlantic States is more perfect in its feathery fullness, and can be dyed in many brilliant colors, and become one of the leading features of the evergreen trade.

The festoons of holly, hemlock buds and fragrant spruce are largely sold for church ornamentation. Trees of all sizes, from the candelabra sprig to the chancel tree, are disposed for the same purpose in great quantities.

The beautiful custom of adorning the houses with evergreen during the Christmas holidays, is ascribed to various causes. Those who have taken the Christian view of the matter refer to those expressions, so frequently met with in the prophetic writings, where green boughs are spoken of as ornaments of the sanctuary and signs of rejoicing. Others have affirmed that the custom had a pagan origin, and refer to the beautiful druidical custom of hanging up in the house boughs of green, to which the wood-spirits might resort

Merry Christmas.

"Christmas," wrote Dickens, "is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion." We are scattered in many lands, yet the bond of union that has long held us together seems to strengthen with years. Many Christmas anniversaries have come and gone since we first assembled, in spirit if not in presence, to hang the holly and pledge our faith and friendship; and each recurring Christmas time has found us more closely united. Let us hope and believe that when even the toddlers of our family shall have seen their heads grow gray, the spirit of Christmas shall still make young their hearts.

The star that shines in Bethlehem
Shines still and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of glory and of peace.



SOMEBODY'S COMING.

Kris Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming,

Kris Kringle is coming to town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown.

Now, wait just a minute,

I'll tell you what's in it;

Then, won't your eyes sparkle with joy!

There's something with curls

For good little girls,

And something as nice for each boy.

There are flaxen-haired dollies

And all sorts of follies,

To please little folks, Christmas day.

There are gay horses prancing

And Dandy Jacks dancing,

And everything fitted for play.

From Kris Kringle's chin

Hangs a plenty of tin,

Tin trumpets, and watches, and drums;

Noah's ark, painted red,

A little doll's bed,

And soldiers with very big guns.

From out of his pockets

He'll take sugar lockets,

And candies, all red, white and blue;

And there will be kisses

For nice little misses,

And sweetmeats in plenty for you.

Oh, won't there be funning,

And laughing, and running.

When little folks look in their hose!

And pull out the candy,

And ev'rything handy—

Stuffed to the end of the toes.

Then, hang up your stockings,

And won't there be knockings!

When Kris Kringle enters the town!

He wears a big pack

On the top of his back,

And looks like a funny old clown.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NURSERY.

After all our individual selfishness, it savors somewhat of tenderness to remember the reverent object of the Christmas holiday, and to think through what an immense expanse of country and into what countless homes Christmas arrives with the same essential influence. Giving and getting presents is not all there is of it. Grown up people struggle between tears of the past and hopes of the future; but children, who never look over their shoulders, experience nothing but unqualified joy. Nothing can surpass their fresh capacity, and no birth-day party or long-looked-for picnic ever fills the cup quite so full as Santa Claus fills the stockings. Nor is it the doll, nor yet the books, nor all the bou-bons that make all this loving mirth. It is the unselfish tenderness of that gray-bearded old man who, robbed of sleep and exposed to the cold, neglects not one chimney nor disappoints one little stocking. All good feelings come to the surface and evil ones sink to the bottom. There is nothing so rare in the nursery as a quarrel on Christmas day, over-fed babies and early-wakened nurses to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE NEGRO MINSTRELS

The performance given on the porch of the Shoal Creek



Mercantile on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Liberty Library Association was in every respect a success. The enterprise is a laudable one and the citizens showed their appreciation by a large attendance.

The performance will be repeated on tomorrow evening, and we advise all who wish to enjoy a good hearty laugh to attend by all means.

Admission 50 cents.

Gentlemen and Lady 75 cents.

Children 25 cents

Gallery 25 cents

"OLD RELIABLE" CORNER RESTAURANT

I have taken charge of the Restaurant on the Southwest Corner of the Square, and added a good stock of goods, and refitted and supplied it with everything usually kept in a first-class Restaurant. I promise good meals at low prices, and polite attention to guests. I will also keep a general stock of Confectionery, of first-class quality.

I respectfully solicit a call from the public.
Mar. 24, '81.-46f. BEN. C. DULIN.

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.
There is a touching picture which carries a lesson to all tender hearts at Christmas-tide. It is that of a little street girl asleep at dusk of evening in the closed doorway of a great shop, whose show window towers above her head with its tempting display of holiday gifts. This picture is called "Waiting for Santa Claus." The little girl has sat herself down here to await, with the sublime faith of childhood, the coming of the generous saint with his load of Christmas gifts, and has dropped asleep in the falling snow; her face lightened with confident hope and the wondrous dreams that occupy her sleeping mind. We do not need to suggest the lesson of the picture. The sight, or even such a description of it as we have given, will be enough. The Christmas season is so peculiarly the period of the year most delightful to children that the joy of it is known in its completeness only by those who have children of their own to watch and gratify, or those who minister to the pleasure of children not their own—the poor and neglected little waifs of society, to whom even the richest of the gifts of affection are at other times unknown.

The delight of making Christmas gifts to children, as we have experienced, rests largely in the fact that the little ones take them almost as if from God himself, as they take all that we have to offer them, mindful only of the affection which they can give in return. They have no other return to make for our gratification. The satisfaction of the giver is found in the joy he so easily causes. A trifling expenditure, a little forethought, and the home is bright with happy young faces, and echoing with happy young voices. So, too, if we carry our thoughts and gifts to homes beyond our own, and to children whose only claim on our regard is that they are children, and are less tenderly cared for than those who daily gather about our knees, we can brighten our own hearts at the same time that we bring joy to others. Thackery says in one of his pathetic chapters: "Oh, brother, let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend without exacting the usury of gratitude!" Such help and lending we must always give to childhood; but no cynic, even, who has once offered them to the appealing eyes of the little ones has ever failed of his abundant reward.

If one can give no more to the children of the poor than a rag doll or a wooden horse, let him give that, and never consider his Christmas purchase done until he has included among them something for the little ones who are waiting for the Santa Claus who may never come to them, unless perhaps he himself sends the good saint. Gifts of utility are desirable; clothes to protect the children from this inclement weather, and nourishing food; but so also are things of beauty in the child's eyes, and those that in any way awaken a childish joy. Every one has in his employ, or some way connected with him, the parents of poor children, who can easily be made glad by a visit of the old Knickerbocker friend of boys and girls, with his pack of toys and candies; and if the traditions of the merry drives over the house tops are true, he loves best to scramble down the chimneys of the poor. Let us do what we can to gladden the wide-open eyes of all the youngsters, on Christmas morning, with the sight of the wonderful gifts with which he has filled even the most darning of stockings.—The merriment that laughs in our own little one's eyes will then reflect for us the general joy of childhood on the birthday of Him who gathered the children about Him and blessed them.

HOLIDAY GOODS I

FANCY DRY GOODS

A SUITABLE

CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

We have just received an immense stock of *Fancy Dry Goods and Notions*, suitable for *Christmas Presents*.

Fancy Dress Goods.—Fine Black Cashmeres and Mourning Dress Goods, Lace and Mourning Collars.

Linen Collars and Cuffs (entire new styles.)

Lace & Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

Fancy and Plain Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.

Fine Silk Gloves (superior to kid.)

Two-Button Kid Gloves, in all colors.

Fancy Silk Neck-Ties in newest styles and colorings.

Fine Shawls, Shirts, Newbies, &c.

Don't fail to give us a call.

Respectfully,

[Dec 17-12] GRAY & EDWARDS.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Head Quarters for Toys and Fine Confectionery!

AT THE "LITTLE PALACE!"

The citizens, public generally, and the Ladies in particular, are respectfully invited to call and look at the stock of Toys, fine Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Fruits, and in fact every thing pertaining to a first class house of this kind, whether you wish to buy or not.

Old Kris Kringle

Will be making his annual visit within the next twenty days, and the "old folks" can have a chance of selecting for the "little folks" from one of the most varied assortments of such goods ever brought to Liberty. Times are tight, but goods are low to what they have been. Once again—call and satisfy yourselves that the above is true, and nothing but true.

Toffee, Butter, Scotch and Molasses Candy, fresh all the time, at [Dec 10-30th.] PIERSON'S.

Make Some One Happy

Strive to make some one happy this Christmas. If the husband and wife have had little differences and misunderstandings, if you are their friend seek to overcome the trouble and reunite them again. If the boy or girl is sinking under heavy loads their hearts are carrying, try and lighten their burdens. If the widow sits lonely and sad, looking at the empty place in her home, cheer her with loving kindness. If you see some wifeless man staggering along the streets, don't break your necks hurrying to some resort where you can tell the crowd you saw him drunk. But lead him to some harbor of rest and peace and strive to still the torments of hell that are pounding in his bosom. If you do these, and others just like them, when the end of all earthly things comes round, take the Evangelist's word for it—you'll get by Peter at the Golden Gate without a word of protest from him. The doorkeeper of heaven is a good one—he will know 'em all, and the crank and the outlaw, the sinner and the bigot, the fanatic and the hypocrite will get the bounce, while the humane man and woman here on earth, when they shall "pass under the portal, will "live on in hearts made better by deeds divine." This is official.—Quincy Review.

Happiness as it is in Youth and Maturity.

Isn't it a little queer that as we grow from youth to manhood the objects change which bring us pleasure. The amount of happiness realized varies but little? There seems to be a certain amount of the article implanted in us, no more, no less. The boy's sled gives place to the richly caparisoned sleigh, the toy house to the imposing residence, the toy watch to the real one, the toy boat to the ocean yacht—but the first yielded quite as much pleasure as the last.

The Christmas gifts and pleasures of youth brought as much happiness as houses and lands, honors and fame do in after years. Our happiness is all relative, anyway. We enjoy by comparison. The boy's sled is big enough to fill his mind. The man's yacht is merely a toy, which has its use for a time and then ceases to amuse. Christmas is a reality to the young—a definite pleasure point. To the full grown boys and girls it is an attempt to arouse the old enthusiasm, the belief in Santa Claus, the enjoyment in gift giving and gift receiving. It comes and goes, and they try hard to persuade themselves that they enjoyed it with the old time zest.

CHRISTMAS TREE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

At the Methodist Episcopal church Christmas eve. Every body come.

PROGRAM.

Opening Song	Sabbath School.
Anthem	M. E. Choir.
Recitation	"Annie and Willie's Prayer"
	Miss Lena Royal.
Song	"Christmas Bells."
Recitation	"The Friar's Christmas."
	Miss Mellie Randle.
Recitation	"Bells of Christmas."
	Miss Ethel Hughes.
Song	"A Star in the Sky."
Recitation	Miss Maggie Alderson.
	"Christmas Chimes."
Song	Miss Belle Stuart.
Recitation	Selected.
	Miss Grace Scriber.
Closing Hymn	Sabbath School.

SANTA CLAUS.

Something of his Peculiarities—The Streets Crowded—The Stores Thronged With People -- Various Observances of Christmas Eve—Gifts for the Children and Parents.

Last evening the busy streets were thronged with people all anxiously making some provision for the morrow. The stores were filled with purchasers of Christmas gifts and the good things which characterize this season of the year. The Signal service has promised a typical Christmas; frost and snow, but anyhow old Santa Claus is welcome.

He only comes once a year but his visits are remembered. The little ones who only find a five-cent toy and a nickel's worth of candy in their stocking will be just as glad as those who are more fortunately situated. The early history of St. Nicholas, Santa Klaus, or Santa Claus, as he is variously called is shrouded in much mystery. He is first heard of as early as the third century and was evidently a very benevolent old gentleman even at that early date. He was fond of giving presents to the boys then, while it was his especial delight to endow destitute maidens and perform other charitable and equally pleasant offices. He is a very accommodating old gentleman, conforming to all tradition and customs. Although he will only come once a year he will come in any form desired or in any way. It makes no difference to him whether he comes in a reindeer chariot and descends through the chimney, or whether he comes in the invisible form, he is content so long as he brings happiness. Santa Claus has so much to do in one night that he has to commence early and yet he must not be seen. His plans are all carefully laid out in advance and followed to the letter. As soon as it is dark and the little ones are put to bed he begins to fill their stockings and as the evening wears away and the older ones get tired and sleepy he fills their stockings. It is not until very late when poor papa and mama sink to rest that he comes to them. Usually in their dreams he allows them to hang up their stockings again and fills them from his huge pack. What does he give them; a long string of pleasant memories and a few pangs, one, two or three little cherubs that can laugh, cry, open their eyes even better than that beautiful doll Santa Claus gave you, a basket full of hopes and a terrible weight of responsibilities.



EAR SANTA CLAUS:
I write
'Cause I'm so afraid
you might
Forget about my brother
Jack and me;

We're so little, and you know
You've so many ways to go,
You might miss such twenty-twenty tots as we.

Jack, he wants a Noah's ark,
And a real dog with a bark;
And, if you please, he would so like a drum,
A toboggan and some skates,
And some oranges and dates,
And just a little bit of chewing-gum.

Then he needs an overcoat,
And, O, he'd like a boat,
Some candy and a pair of rubber boots,
And he'd be so very good,
"Dear Santa," if you would
Bring a rabbit and a little gun that shoots!

As for me, please, Santa, dear,
Tho' perhaps you'll think it queer,
There's but one thing that I'm really dying for.
O, Santa, can't you guess?
A dolly—that's it—yes,
Twould make me the happiest girl that e'er
you saw.

She must have a pretty face,
And a dress that's trimmed with lace,
And a string to pull and make her say "ma-ma,"
And on the other side
(I know, for I have tried),
Another string to make her say "pa-pa!"

Please get me one that cries,
Opens and shuts her eyes;
And do try and find a dolly that can walk!
You wind 'em up, you know,
And then round about they go,
For, of course, a doll can walk if she can talk.

And then dolly'll want a bed
And a mattress and a spread
And a table and some chairs and dishes, too;
For, without them, don't you see,
Poor, dear Dolly, she might be
Half-starved and sleepy, and I'd not know what
to do?

Dear Santa, that is all.
And don't forget to call!
Both our stockings you'll find hanging where
the clock's
Ticking the hours away
That will bring us Christmas day
And my dolly to your grateful Goldilocks.



ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

The following poem by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who peruse it, besides being peculiarly appropriate to the season: "Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said, And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes, And each little bosom was heavy with sighs— For to-night their stern father's command had been given, That they should retire precisely at seven, Instead of eight; for they troubled him more With questions unheard of than ever before; He had told them he thought this delusion a sin, No such being as Santa Claus ever had been. And he hoped after this he should never more hear How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds. Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple tolled ten; Not a word had been spoken 'till either till then, When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep, And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?" "Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies, "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes; For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus';' Now we know there is, and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mama died; But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray, And God would hear everything mamma would say; And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here, With the sack full of presents he brought every year" "Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then, And ask him to send him with presents aden?" "I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor, And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast. "Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive; You must wait just as still till I say the amen, And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me, And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee; I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring; And an ebony work-box, that shuts with a spring: Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us far better than he; Don't let him get fretful and angry again At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen!" "Please, Jesus, let Santa Claus tun down to-night, And bring us some presents before it is light, I want he should dive me a nice little sed, With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed; A box full of tandy, a book and a toy. Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a good boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,

And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds; They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,

And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep,

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten

Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand on Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh to my darlings," he mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so early to bed;

But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent

For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.

But of course they've forgot their troubles are this,

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss,

But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,

And arriving at the door heard both of their prayers.

His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears,

"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,

"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,

"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed,"

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,

Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,

A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,

From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:

Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,

That the various presents outnumbered a score.

Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,

And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed,

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree.

By the side of a table spread out for her tea;

A work-box well filled in the centre was laid

And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;

A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,

"With bright, shining runners, and all painted red."

There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,

While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,

As if getting ready more presents to drop.

And as the fond father the picture surveyed,

He thought for his trouble he had been amply paid,

And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;

What care I if bank stock fall ten per cent. more!

Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,

"To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,

And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun

Put the darkness to flight, and the star, one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,

And at the same moment the presents espied;

Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,

And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.

They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,

And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see

What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,

(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light,

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,

"You believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"

While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,

Determined no secret between them should be,

And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said

That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,

Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,

And that God in heaven had answered her prayer!

"Then we dot up and prayed dust as well as we could,

And God answered our prayer, now wasn't he good?"

"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,

And knew just what presents my children would please,

(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,

"Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent?

And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?

"Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs,

And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

CHRISTMAS.

In wishing our friends a merry Christmas, we present them with four pictures of the season—gathering evergreens in the forest for chapel or ball room; the Christmas-tree with its wonderful foliage and fruit, more popular among children than the ripest peaches or reddiest apples; the well-filled stocking at the foot of the bed; and last of all, the Christmas out of doors, with poor shivering creatures cowering under the storm, many of them, perhaps, with "nowhere to go." Let all who propose to spend a merry Christmas at home, with a Christmas-tree and sports of all kinds, think of the poor people who on that Christmas night have no warm fire to sit by, and no home to call their own.

Time was when it was unlawful to keep Christmas in New England. A penal enactment, we are told, actually forbade the pilgrims and their children from keeping Christmas; so closely was the day connected in their minds with the rites of the Church which they had reason to regard as their oppressor. In these Middle States and in the South Christmas Day has always been a popular holiday. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is Christmas so heartily enjoyed as in New York. Every one remembers the lines:

"Mark! the merry bells—ringing from Trinity
Chapel the ear with their musical din,
Telling all throughout the vicinity
Holiday gambols are now to begin.
Friends and relations,
With fond salutations,
And warm gratulations,
Together appear;
While lovers and misses,
With holiday kisses,
Greet merry Christmas,
And happy New Year!"

It seems a question whether the Yule-log was ever introduced into this country as a necessary part of the Christmas ceremonies. One authority says:

"Twas Christmas eve! the supper board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed."

Others, however, speak of the Yule-log as being selected some weeks before from the forests. It is known that the Yule-log must be something enormous in size—so large as to blaze brightly and fiercely in the hearth until the feast is over. Herrick gives the following song on the subject:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending;
On your psalt'ries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is trending.
Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The white meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

The favorite dish for Christmas Day in this part of the world seems to be—as on Thanksgiving Day in New England—roast turkey. It is curious to note, in this connection, that turkeys were introduced into the land of our forefathers contemporaneously with the Protestant religion.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Tis the eve before Christmas—come, gather to-night:
The Yule-log dispenses its welcoming light;
The tall, snowy candles are all in a blaze,
And the old hall is ringing with good Christmas lays!

Come one and come all, then, unite in the cheer;
Leave far, far behind the dark burden of care;
Come, bind the green boughs round the wide, glowing
hearth,
And join in the revel, the music, and mirth.

The old will be here with their temples of gray,
And the young who have lived in this world but a day:
What with chatting and feasting and merry old song,
The night will pass gayly and swiftly along.

What reck we of Winter? The tempests may roar,
And the snow-drifts fill up every window and door;
The storm may rave on, but we heed not its din,
Though Winter without, it is Summer within.

Fair fingers are decking with Holly and Bay
The old village-fane for the Festival day;
With Myrtle and Mistletoe, wreathing in green
The pulpit and chancel, the altar and screen.

C. C. COX.

DO You sew Carpet Rags? Special offer for the Holidays; this is no humbug. For One Dime we will send you something that will do the work in 1-4 the time and save lots of thread. Address HOME NOVELTY CO., 216 Adam st., Brooklyn, N.Y.

FOR SALE—Pair of good Work Mules, first class team in woods; would exchange for good Timber Wagon, or good pair of 5-year-old Durham Oxen, or lot of young Heifers, or heavy young Horse. JOHN D. DIXON, North Bridgeport, Conn., near Housatonic railroad.

FOR SALE—Either a Phaeton or a Side-bar Top Buggy, both in good order; or will exchange for a Top Business Wagon. LEGRAND G. BEERS, Long Hill, December 10.

TO RENT—Store in Post office Block, Southport, formerly occupied by William H. Bradley as a dry goods store; admirable location for this business, for which there is an excellent opening here. Apply at POST OFFICE, Southport.



Write for circulars to J. B. FAIRCHILD, Hawleyville, Conn.



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



The Jingle of the Bells.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Ah! the breezy flakes are falling
Through the frosty winter night,
And December's winds are calling
Us to scenes of rare delight!
There are roguish eyes that glisten,
As the snow of pleasure tells;
And the rustic sweethearts listen
For the jingle of the bells—
For the jingle and the tinkle
Of the metry winter bells.

In the Cupid haunted valley,
Twixt the old hills lying low,
Where the summer breezes daily,
Falls the lover-cherished snow,
O' the silence of to-morrow
Will be broken in the dell's!
And the heart will gladness borrow
From the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
Of the never-ceasing bells.

Jingle! jingle! in the starlight,
Tinkle! tinkle! in the dark,
Gliding swiftly toward the far light
In the window, but a spark!
There can be no joys completer
Than the one the snow foretells;
Ah! my darling, what is sweeter
Than a kiss behind the bells—
As they jingle, jingle, jingle
Over the snow, the sleighing bells!

Life is but a dream of pleasure
That returns with every snow;
Winter fills to-day the measure
Emptied often long ago.
Neath the cutter's fury covers
Many a heart with rapture swells,
And the merry laugh of lovers—
Greets the laughter and the jingle
Of the ever merry bells.
On the road and in the wildwood
Nature dons a robe of white,
And the happy laugh of childhood
Will be heard to-morrow night!
Everywhere the bells will jingle
Neath the starry sentinels,
And the lassie's cheek will tingle
With the kiss the sound impels—
With a kiss that gently mingle—
With the laughter of the bells.

Seme Weather Prognostications.

The scientist in charge of the WATCHMAN's Weather Bureau has been looking around for "signs" upon which to base some weather predictions, and, after a thorough investigation, is firm in the conviction that there will be lots of coolness laying around loose during the months of January and February, and in all candor would advise our readers to "keep their flannels on," at least until the land agents crawl out of their holes. The aforesaid scientist first examined the usually reliable "goose-bone" for marrow, and a muskrat house, but without satisfaction. He next visited the prairie dog town across the Okoboji and dug down to the winter quarters of some of these little rodents. Careful observation of the preparation which he there noted thoroughly convinces him that not far from the middle of January we shall have a spell of weather which will fairly make a cast-iron Thomas cat hump up its back and howl until the fur flies. Every family of prairie dogs is provided with a base-burner and three tons of the best hard coal—\$13 per ton—with all the cracks in the wall pasted up with the WATCHMAN. In addition to this each individual dog has a dozen bottles of pepper-sauce handy, a coil of rattlesnake around the body and an owl to sit on its feet. This information is guaranteed to be reliable, gentle reader, and those of you who are now going barefoot had better skirmish around and get trusted for a pair of socks.